### NEW PUBLICATIONS

A LIFE OF THE DIVINE ARTIST. BAPHAEL; His Life, Works and Times. From the French of Engene Muniz. London and New-York; A. C. Armstrong & Son.

The present life of the great artist to whom the world by common consent has allowed the title "divine," will go far to satisfy the want that has long been felt for a work that should meet the needs of scholars by giving the results of the latest investigations, while, at the same time, its style and spirit should make it attractive to laymen.

A good life of Raphael was to have been expected from Vasari, but the sixty-five pages given to Raphael in the famous "Lives" (English edition-Bohn), against the one hundred and fifty-three to Michelangelo, make one of the least satisfactory of the biographies, while at the same time they are of necessity the foundation of all that has since been written on the subject. We are content with recording the fact without repeating any of the conjectures by which it has been endeavored to explain

Next to Vasari's Life in importance comes the work of J. D. Passavant (Rafael von Urbino und sein Vater Giovanni Santi. 3 vols. Leipzig: 1839-1858), which might have made another work on the subject unnecessary if the perception and the intellectual fairness of the author had been equal to his industry. Unfortunately this is far from being the case, and the further scholars push the work of investigation the more evidences are discovof the German's inaccuracy and want of intellectual discernment. In all doubtful cases his decisions-for the most part given excathedra-are now little considered, or if they are accepted, it is because they have had some weightier authority than his own. Passavant was one of the crowd of fourth-rate Germans who were planted and watered in England by the late Prince Consort, and who were encouraged to put forth their feeble cotyledons in the sunshine of a court that made no secret of its low opinion of English civilization, nor of its belief in the necessity of large doses of German culture and refinement, if art and literature would ever recover their health on English ground. Among those chosen to effect this much desired amehoration was Passava et, and the approval given to his work on Raphael in high quarters, with the praise lavished upon it by writers in England and in Germany who accepted it without putting themselves to the trouble of examining it, have been strong enough to carry the work almost unquestioned down to a very recent period.

As we are touching upon works on Raphael, a few minor productions must not be forgotten. We owe much to such studies as Mr. Charles Clement's sketch of the artist's life in his "Michel-Ange, Léonard de Vinci, Raphsel," Paris, 1861this book has gone through three or four editions, and has been translated into English; Anton Springer's "Raffael and Michelangelo," Leipzig, 1877-1878, a work of great value rendered almost unreadable for pleasure owing to its treatment of the two subjects in alternating chapters; and last though not least, to the work of our own learned and accomplished countryman, Charles C. Perkins's Raphael and Michelangelo," Boston, 1878. This is a work of no great extent, but it is the result of independent study and research that never came to their desc. ved reward, owing chiefly, we have no doubt, to the radical mistake of the author in attempting to write the lives of two artists in one volume by the crude device of a series of alternating chapters. Curiously enough, the same thing has been attempted, as we have just seen, by Anton Springer in his book, the first volume of which was published in 1877, while Mr. Perkins's book did not appear until 1878, though the dedication to the poet Longfellow, dated 1877, shows that the work was then completed. Something of the failure of the book to attract the public must also be ascribed to the downright ugliness of its illustrations and the bad make-up of the book in general. It Mr. Perkins could be persuaded to break up his mould and make of his one book two-a Life of Raphael and a Life of Michelangelo-and print them without any attempt at illustration, unless he could find a publisher who had never heard of the dismal device of heliotypy, but who had heard of wood engraving, believed in it and was willing to pay for it, we have no doubt his scholarship and literary skill would make the result one very acceptable to the art-loving

Mr. Muntz's work surpasses all the works on Raphael that we have mentioned by its extent, fulness and pains-taking accuracy, while leaving to those of Clement, Springer and Peremselves, polished and rounded to completeness. In nincteen chapters we follow the life of the master and trace the rich and varied influences that made him what he became. The book opens with an account of the City of Urbino, and with a sketch of the ducal family of the Montefeltri, whose love of learning and of art, with their bravery in war, and their skill in the government of their province have made their name forever a part of the history of their times. The names of Federigo I, and of his son. Guidobaldo L, must always be honorably associated with the story of Italian culture. We cannot find in Mr. Muntz's book any reference to Dennistoun's "Duke of Urbino," a work of real value to which we would refer the reader who may wish to know more than Mr. Muntz has thought it necessary to give of the history of this little province, with its area of not much more than 160 square miles, which played a part in the world out of all proportion to its size. "In Urbino were born," says Mr. Muntz, "the greatest of modern architects and the greatest of modern painters, Bramante and Raphael." But, at an earlier period the way had been prepared for illustrious births by the splendid reign of Federigo I. This nobleman, whom M. Rio in his work on Christian art puts above the Medici princes for the disinterestedness of the encouragement he gave to art and literature as well as to everything that pertains to culture, made of the splendid palace with which he crowned his eyrie-like citadel, almost a university. According to his biegrapher, Vespasino dei Bisticci, "he spent thirty thousand ducats in the formation of a library, but it is worthy of note that he shared the prejudices of many of his contemporaries with regard to printed books which were just beginning to circulate in Italy, and nothing would have induced him to admit one of them into his library." His manuscripts were all bound in crimson, ornamented with silver, and it may be added that the collection still exists in the library of the Vatican in a room especially devoted to it, so much of it, at least, as was not lost in the revolutions of 1503 and 1507. The collection was transported to the Vatican in 1658, and includes in its present state many additions made after the death of Federigo, among them not a few of those printed books which he so much despised, but which his successors knew how to value. Among the treasures of this palace none would

have exerted such an influence on the mind of the young Raphael, who was to become familiar with them during the rule of Federigo's son Guidobaldo, as the antique statues and the pictures which Count Baldassare Castiglione in his "Perfect Courtier" (Il Cortegiano) tells us abounded in Federigo's palace. But, is Castiglione's account to be taken literally, or are we to believe with Mr. Dennistoun that much of what this writer alleges is to be set down to flattery? Mr. Dennistoun says that after the most laborious research he has not been able to trace a single piece of sculpture, nor any easel pictures other than portraits, to the possession of the Duke, nor does any contemporary writer mention anything of the sort as having existed at Urbino. The question is of some importance to the student the development of Raphael's genius. Mr Muntz seems to accept Castiglione's account of the palace as true, but while he believes Raphael may have had the opportunity of seeing there many works of antique sculpture yet he never found himself in the presence of a masterpiece in this kind until he stood before the mutilated but still beautiful group of the Three Graces, which Cardinal Piccolomini had transferred from Rome to the Siena Library. It is a s trait of the manners of the time that nothing strange should have been thought of placing such a

familiar with the sight of pagan decorations in and about Christian churches that no one thought of being shocked at an act which, in the days of Giotto, would have been regarded as impions." Nor was it until our own time that Pius IX., m 1857, "with an excess of religious scruple," says Mr. Muntz, "had this work removed from the cathedral tiself, on the ground that it was of pagan character, to the Academy of Fine Arts." It has since been brought back somewhat nearer to its original place, and now stands in the small museum that has been brought back somewhat nearer to its original place, and now stands in the small museum that has been brought back somewhat nearer to its original place, and now stands in the small museum that has been brought back somewhat nearer to its original place, and now stands in the small museum that has been brought back somewhat nearer to its original place, and now stands in the small museum that has been brought been may seem to us now strange and even bumiliating.

Raphael was so much attracted to this flue group that he made a drawing of it with all the skill be had at the time, which is now in the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, and later on he reproduced it, with variations, in the lovely little picture of the works of his early time. "Raphael comband of the works of his early time." Raphael comband of the works of his early time. "Raphael comband of the works of his early time." Raphael comband of the works of his early time. "Raphael comband of the works of his early time." Raphael comband of the works of his early time. "Raphael comband of the works of his early time." Raphael comband of the works of his early time. "Raphael comband of the works of his early time." Raphael comband of the works of his early time. "Raphael comband of the works of his early time." Raphael comband of the works of his early time. "Raphael comband of the works of his early time." Raphael comband of the works of his early time. "Raphael comband of the works of his early time." Raphael comband of t with variations, in the lovely little picture of the Three Graces, now in the possession of Lord Dudley. Putting aside, however, these questions of detail, it is evident that in Urbino influences of the most refining sort were brought to bear upon the young Raphael, and that nowhere else in Italy at that time could be have found a spot so suited to the in these pictures fs the sincerity of the kindly nurture of his peculiar genius. He always loved the place, and again and again returned to it as to a refuge from the noisy world without, Duke Federigo had been dead only six months

when Raphaei was born, but all the traditions of balde, and during the sixteen years that Raphael remained at Urbino, before launching out into active life in Perngia, nothing disturbed the serenity of the life in the little city perched on its eyric among the Apennines, and sparkling from a distance "like a grain of salt." Here Raphael was born on the 28th of March, 1483, according to some, on the 6th of April according to others-a dispute that can never be settled, because either state ment is true according as the reckoning is made from Vasari's declaration as to the day of his birth, or from the declaration of the epitaph as to the day of his death. Muntz decides for the earlier date, March 28 being content to follow the very clear statement of says Mr. Muniz, according to our reckoning, at a parter to 10 in the evening; and Vasari adds that he died on the same day that he was born, name ly, Good Friday, at the age of thirty-seven, Against this is set the assertion of the epitaph given by Vasari, and said to have been written by Cardinal Bembo, in which we are told that Raphael lived exactly thirty-seven years, "and ceased to be on the very day on which he was born, the eighth day before the Ides of April, 1520. Now, the eighth day before the Ides of April was the 6th of the month, and was Good Friday, so that it will be seen the authorities for this very unimportant point are decidedly at war. Probably Mr. Maniz is right when he says, "At this period, when astrology and the horoscopes of individuals were thought so much of, people paid a good deal more attention to any remarkable event which occurred at the time of a birth than to the actual date. So that what struck contemporary writers the most was that Raphael was born and died on a Good Friday."

The first direction was given to Raphael's talent by his father, and though Giovanni Santi died when his son was only eleven years old, there can be no doubt that the early work of Raphael is a continued expression in the same direction of the feeling with which his father's work is infused, and the choice of Perugino as a master for the boy, made by his relatives after his father's death, did not change the direction already given. Perugino worked always in the spirit of the Umbrian traditions, and for a long time we trace in the current of Raphael's art the lucid beauty of the influences that shaped his early

Mr. Muntz agrees with Mr. Perkins in accepting

Springer's discovery that Raphael must have reached his sixteenth year when he entered Perugino's studio at Perugia, an event which Springer places about the year 1500 instead of 1495, the hitherto accepted date. Mr. Muntz gives us an interesting account of Perugia, describing the picturesque city with a few vivid touches, and giving us more than a glimpse of the intellectual and social condition of the inhabitants and of the resources for culture that awaited the young artist on his arrival amid these new scenes. The contrast between the two cities, Urbino and Perugia, was out of all proportion to their size, and if it will not excite a smile we will say that the difference between them of the same kind, so far as was much it affected Raphael, as would be found to-day by a young artist coming from Boston to kins the charm that hes in sketches whole in New-York. In Urbino were quiet, order, and a population elevated to a certain unity of cultivation, leading class given to letters and philosophy, and life, on the whole, of a pleasant, but rather hum-drum-sort. Peruga was an active, busy city, with no love of letters though it had a university of ome reputation, a rough burgher population given to trade, and with a piety that did not preven them from indulging on frequent occasions in the bluodiest of street brawls. As for government, there was none; the population being ruled by "a few nobles who kept the town in a state of alarm by their lawlessness. There was here no Federigo wit his love of books, his delight in philosophical discussions, his devoted care for his people. Perugia had her family of the Baglioni, to whom cutting throats was more congenial employment than founding libraries, and the piety and intellect of the people never asked for more in art than could be given them by Vannucei, the painter who is known as Perugino from his having ived and worked so long at Perugia."

Mr. Muntz does full justice to Perugino, and we do not know where to look for a better account of a man whose memory between the bigoted detrac tion of Vasari and the absurd overestimate of Ruskin has suffered to such an extent that it is difficulto know him as he really was. His best recommendation is that he loved and appreciated Raphael and the love he bestowed was generously returned. As we have already remarked, the influence of the Umbrian school of which Perugino was at the head, can be clearly traced through the whole series of Raphael's work. But more than this it is evident that the peculiar personality shown in Perugino's pictures is reflected in all of Raphael's early work, and in much of what he did at all times. His manner is more than Umbrian, it is Peruginesque. The influence of Leonardo and of Michelangelo, especially that of the latter, was very great upon Raphael, but that of neither was contin ous. That of Perugino may be said with general truth to have been a constant one. Wherever we find Raphael most himself, working most clearly within the limits of his own genius, there we find him truest to the early teachings of his master. But Raphael was saved from too great a dependence and from servile copying by the presence in Perugia and in the studio of Perugino of many good painters, and of two or three excellent ones, Lo pagna, Pinturicchio, and Alfani, with one of whom, Pinturiechio, he became especially intimate, while Lo Spagna followed him at a later date to Rome and became one of his many assistants.

Mr. Muntz gives an excellent account of Perugino's frescoes in the Cambio or Merchant's Exchange at Perugia, a work which still exists in good condition and is familiar to every visitor to the city. All the best authorities admit that in the painting of these frescoes Raphael took an active part. They were probably completed in 1500, and in 1502 Perugino returned to Florence.

At this time "Raphael was nineteen years and old enough, therefore, to begin work on his own account. His master, on leaving him to his own resources, doubtless recommended him strongly to his friends and patrons in Umbria, which had become a second country for Raphael. The Umbrians themselves became attached to him, and it was owing to their spirit of generous piety that he was able to execute some of his more admired pictures. Raphael showed his gratitude by remaining among the Umbrian Mountains until he went to reside in Rome in 1508." A little further on we have a curious account of the relations that existed everywhere at this time between the artists and their employers, and of the arrangements that were made for payment and for the support of the artist while his work was going on. Anecdotes collected group as this in a room which is part and parcel of from all sources reveal a state of things the farthe eathedral. But, as Mr. Perkins remarks: "In | thest possible removed from that with which we are the time of the Renaissance people had become so familiar to-day. The artist of that time, whether

and with subjects that did not require a very high degree of knowledge. His earliest efforts were a series of Madonnas drawn at half length and in timid attitudes, for on most of them the Virgin, who is seen full face, is standing with her eyes looking down upon her child. What is most noteworthy efforts made by the young artist to strike out a line for himself instead of adhering to a servile imitation of his master, after the manner of too many of his pupils. If he still adhered to the types peculiar to the Umbrian school, especially in his illustrious reign were continued through that of his Madonnas, it was because Umbria itself supplied his equally noble but less fortunate son Guido- him with a number of these soft and pensive countenances in which the depth of religious contentment stood instead of beauty. There is already a good deal of landscape in these pictures, and, in the background of the Conestabile Madonna, the chain of mountains was painted from nature in the neigh-

But these early works, delicate as they are in feelng and in execution, cannot detain us in this brief review, which has no other object than to give the reader a notion of the scope and con-tents of Mr. Muntz's work. In his account of several of these pictures, such as the "Coronation of the Virgin" now in the Vatican, and of the "Sposalizio" or "Betrothal of the Virgin" in the Brera Gallery at Milan, Mr. Muntz will be found Vasari, who says that "Raphael was born in 1483, on Good Friday, at 3 o'clock in the night," that is, nary critical description an analysis that shows the grace and resources of the accomplished scholars. We wish we had space to quote his description of the former picture and of the drawings made for it by Raphael, and the comparison between both the Coronation and the Betrothal and the pictures of the same subjects and with nearly the same composition made by Perugino.

It is in connection with his account of Raphael's visit to Siena, and his drawing of the marble group of the "Three Graces," that Mr. Muntz speaks of the exquisite masterpiece, the speaks of the exquisite masterpiece, the Apollo and Marsyas owned by Mr. Morris Moore, a picture which is destined at some future day to be one of the chief ornaments of some national gallery, but which is doomed during the fifetime of its high-hearted and now venerable owner and discoverer, to give out its lustre dimend by the clouds of private rancor and political strife. The story of this picture has been told by the present writer in Scribar's Magazine, where will be found an engraving both of the pic ure itself and of the original drawing for it now in the Academy of Venice—engraving both of the pic ure itself and of the original drawing for it now in the Academy of Venice—engravings which will give the reader a much better notion of the picture than the very had outline of it shown in Mr. Muntz's book. But no engraving, nor any copy, could give an adequate lidea of the perfection of the original. It will some day be the glory of a museum, one of the very few specimens of Raphael's hand outside the limits of Italy, and we but express the wish of every cultivated Austican who has seen it when we say would that it might find a home in America.

ome in America.
The period of Raphael's stay in Florence is deputed with great fullness by Mr. Muntz, and is oundantly illustrated by wood ents of the more imprant pictures pointed by him while there. When e survey the work done we find it difficult to be portant pictures painted by him while there. When we servey the work done we find it difficult to believe that so much was accomplished in the short space of three years. For though he arrived in Florence in October, 1594, and left that city for Rome in September, 1594, and left that city for Rome in September, 1598, yet out of that time must be subtracted a year spent at Urbino. He came to Florence for thick by a most kindly letter of introduction from the Duchess Gievanna della Rovers to the Gonfalione Pictro Sodermi, and with such an opening, aided by his own talent and the beauty of his person and the greater beauty of his character, Kaphael could not be long in finding a welcome to all that Florence heal in intellect, wit, wealth and beauty. Mr. Muntz's account of the city at the period when Raphael resided there, and of its splendid society of artists, scholars, philosophers and posts, is very bruitant. But he nomis out the fact that the letter of the Duchess seems to have resulted in little benefit to Kaphaels fortunes. All the large works which Kaphael painted between 1504 and 1508 were with one exception, that of the Madoum del Balda chimo, ordered, not by Tuscany, but by Umbria.

Still there were among the Florentine patricians a few who helped Kaphael to make himself known. must be subtracted a year spent at Urbano. He came to Florence fortified by a most fire books were cheaper?

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Madonia of the Meadow, now in the Derveater Gallery in Vienna, is counted among his most least-tiful works."

"Another Florentine connoisseur, Lorenzo Nasi, also showed Raphael much kindness, and here again the parnter showed much delicacy of feeling, for though he was anything but rich, he resolved when Nasi married to make him a present which would stand comparison with any of the gitts received from wealther haids, and accordingly he gave him that Madonna of the Goldinich, which is among the richest treasures of the Uffizit Angelo Doni, another rich man, for whom Michelangelo had executed the Holy Family now in the Uffizit, and to whom the great artis adamnistered so sharp a lesson, commissioned Raphael to paint the portraits of himself and of his wife. Maddalena Strozzi. These partraits are now in the Pitti Palace, and, apart from its intrinsic merit—not inmixed with the taults due to the young painters in experience in portrait painting, a field in which he was yet to do some splendid things—the picture of the lady has great interest as showing Raphael striving to follow in the footsteps of Leonardo and o emulate the perfection of the Mona Liza. The result, however, is not tavorable to Raphael, nor does he show himself at all a match for Leonardo in any of the pictures belonging to this period, almost all of them Madonias, in which the influence of Leonardo's style and declored is apparent. All he could do, says Mr. Minut, was to translate into

does he show himself at all a match for Leonardo in any of the pictures belonging to this period, almost all of them Madonius, in which the influence of Leonardo's style and methods is apparent. All he could do, says Mr. Maint, was to translate into his own harmonious and s-morous, though as yet less scientific language, the impressions produced on him by the study of the Da Vinci Madonius.

Space fails us to follow Raphael's career after his arrival in Rome, whither he went by the invitation of Pone Julius II., to whom he had been recommended by his compatriol Bramante, who was also, yery probably, his relative. Bramante, who was then engaged in building St. Peter's, was at the head of the clique opposed to Micheiangelo, and he welcomed the assistance of Raphael as one most able to strengthen his cause with the Papal Court. Raphael was at once put in charge of the decorations of the Vaticao, and during the twelve years that followed, from 1508 to 1520, when he died, he executed an amount of work that seems incredible, even when we consider the assistance rendered him by his numerous pupils. Even a list of these works would take up more space than we have at command. We can only mention, to give at least an idea of what one man could accomplish, the twelve great frescoes of the Vatican in the Chambers (Camera or Stanze) of the Segnatura, the Heleodorus, and the Incendio; the designs for the Tapestries of the Sixtine Chapel; the Arabesques of the Loggie, and the Farcesina Palace with the freezoes in the same building of the Story of Psyche; the portraits of Bindo Altoviti and of Joanna of Aragon, the St. Cecilia of Bologna, the Vision of Ezekiel, the "Christ hearing the Cross" d.o Spasin.o., the "Holy Family," called the Pearl, in the Callery at Madrid, the "St. Michel," of the Louvre, the St. Margaret, the Virgin of the Chair, the Transfiguration, and lastly the Madonna di San Siste. This is only a portion of the work, though it be indeed the major part of what he accomplished during those twelve splendid years

what he accomplished during those twelve splendid years.

Nor have we space in which to more than allude to the fact that Raphael, beside what he did in connection with St. Peter's Church, was the architect of several noted buildings, and that in the universality of his talent he designed several statues, of which one at least, the Jonah of the Chigi Chapel in the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo at Rome, well deserves to bear his name.

The present English-American reprint, published here by the enterprising house of Armstrong & Son, would be perhaps as handsome a book as the French original were it not for the unfortunate mistake of substituting photographs of engravings of

French original were thou for the infortunite mis-take of substituting photographs of engravings of many of the principal works of Raphael, for the photogravures printed on the same paper with the rest of the volume with which the French edition is illustrated. The difference to a reader of the book, or even to one who merely looks through it book, or even to one who merely looks through it for the enjoyment of the illustrations, is very great. The American book does not open well; indeed it cannot fairly be said to open at all, and the numerous stiff-pages on which the photographs are mounted makes it almost unmanageable. The French book is also much cheaper than the English reprint, selling for \$10, in a handsome binding made expressly for the work, whereas the English book, in a plain and not too handsome binding, costs \$15. The translation is much better than the usual hack performances of this sort that issue from the English press. But even an important work like this has not been thought worthy of being given to a translator

Prom The London Spectator.

The difficulty with the Englishman is that while he desires to read, and does read, till he supports some 2,000 Book Clubs and Circulating Libraries, some 2,000 Book Clubs and Circulating Libraries, some of them of a very extensive kind, he does not particularly care to possess books. He buys a few classics, a few books of poetry, any professional books he wants, and sometimes a very few reprints, so cheap that he does not eare if they are lost, but he does not buy the books ceaselessly issued by the trade. He thinks, wholly apart from their price, they would cumber his rooms, and his about, and either get into disrepair, which affronts his sense of order, or get lost, which ofiends his instinct of decent economy. He never thinks of them as furniorder, or get lost, which offends his instinct of decent economy. He never thinks of them as furniture and wall-lining, usually, in fact, locking them away under glass, and very rarely indeed starts a book-room, where they may moulder undisturbed, or with a little care remain a pieasant household possession. He has no room, he says, being unaware how books, if piled on shelves to the roof, will pack till a single large square parlor at the London Library, with books on the walls only, holds 14,000. He has not the idea that the aimosphere of books is educating for his children, but rather dreads it, thinking that they will read too many and dissipate their minds, or get hold of the many and dissipate their minds, or get hold of the wrong books, a subject upon which, with the purest literature in the world, an Englishman has an almost morbid nervousness. He had much rather, when he wants a book, send for it to the Subscripwhen he wants a book, send for it to the Subscription Library; read it, send it away, and be done finally with all trouble on that score. He does not want, except in snecial cases, to read it over and over again; and if he does, he can send for it again to the same Library, when the book as soon as it is "old,"—that is, has been issued six months—is perfectly sure to be at liberty, an odd little glimpse of itself into English readers' minds. The book, once swallowed, becomes "litter" to him, an inconfeetly sure to be at liberty, an one little gampse of itself into English readers minds. The book, once swallowed, becomes "litter" to him, an incon-venience, and he had much rather the librarian kept it, just as he had much rather that the banker kept his money. This feeling, which is, we are con-vinced, the one most operative, more especially with women, who, unless genuine readers, never ge strengthened by a peculiar form of meanness or economy, which foreigners say exists as a distinctive note in English character. Book-baying, being for the purpose of reading unaccessary, strikes us all as an extravagance. Why the feeling should exist so strongly among a people which scatters money broadcast, we do not know; but as to the fact of its existence, we will take the testimony of any experienced Englishman, except a bibliophile, even if he be an habitual buyer of books. Even such an one thinks himself extravagant, hides away his book-bills, and would much rather his wife and children asked no questions about price. We doubt if there are a hundred Englishmen in the world without the feeling—including you, reader, who are extravagant by about price. We doubt if there are a hundred Englishmen in the world without the feeling-including you, reader, who are extravagant by nature, and do buy books and carry them home. As to the average Englishman, he simply hates buying books, will wait weeks for a novel which he is crazy to read, worries Mudie with preposterous demands, drives his fellow members of the Book Club frantic with selfish recommendations, and sometimes, in his eagerness to borrow, performs acts of incredible meanners. We have known authors asked to lend their own copies by men of ten times their income, while publishers grow hard in their fights to prevent acquaintances of all kinds getting their books without payment. Even the subscriptions to libraries are paid reluctantly. The custodians of large serious lit raries know, perfectly well that it is next ries are paid reluctantly. The costodians of large serious if raries know, perfectly well that it is next to impossible to prevent a dozen families from using a single subscription, and Messrs, Mudie's books are lent from hand to hand with the coolest and hardiest defiance of ordinary justice. The total result is that the middle-class Englishman, as a rule, does not buy books, and except the aforesaid classics and professional books, he possesses scarcely any. In second-rate towns, booksellers could not live but for their stationery, and in one case we know, a leading bookseller did not receive orders—apart from Itibles, Prayer-books and books for presents—for one hundred volumes a year.

## FESSION.

The following characteristic posteript to an un-mablished letter of Sir Walter Scott's has been placed at our disposal by the courtesy of the cor-espondent to whom it was addressed. It gives in a orcible form Scott's well-known opinion of litera-ure as a profession. It is dated February 2, 1828, when Seott was hard at work on "The Fair Maid of Jorth":

Perth":
"Will you excuse my offering a piece of serious advice? Whatever ideasure you may find in literature, heware of looking to it as a profession, but seek that independence to which every one hopes to attain by studying the branch of industry which lies most within your reach. In this case you may pursue your literary amusements honerably and happing, but if ever you have to book to literature for an absolute and necessary support, you must be cappily, but if ever you have to book to literature for an absolute and necessary support, you must be legraded by the necessary of writing whether you teel inclined or not, and besides must suffer all the miseries of a precarious and dependent existence."

This letter was addressed to the Rev. Ch ries Room, under the impression that Mr. Room, then a young man purposed making literature a profession. This however, was not the case, as Mr. Room was at that time preparing to enter the Christian extents.

## THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INSANE.

J. G. Elwell in The North American Review J. G. Electli in The North American Review.
If society cannot be securely protected against the same ascassin without destroying him, which seems to be the settled conviction of mankind, it is equally necessary to destroy the "emotional" and "moral" insume, for society is as much, if not more, in danger from this anstable and uncertain class as from the same murderer, who might live to see the error of his evil way, and abandon it; while the insame, because of less intelligence and more obtase sensibilities, is not so easily influenced. Carefully bearing in mind the object of criminal law in capital cases,—protection, not punishment, not reformation,—is not this view perfectly logical? Even though there be but slight moral guilt and but faint consciousness of wrong-doing, if the pur-Even though there be but sized moral gifth and but faint consciousness of wrong-doing, it the purpose of the death penalty be to destroy the dangerous person, why should the dangerous half-intelligent insa, live f The moral side of the question belongs alone to the jurisdiction of the Great Judge, and not to human tribunals. Courts and jurors have nothing to do with the question of the great of parton, Law has placed this sublime merey or pardon. Law has placed this sublim-attribute in the hands of the chief execut ve of the state, whose duty it is to carefully consider all mitigating circumstances in the particular case, and give to them their proper weight in the prem-

We have seen that society is in as much or more We have seen that secrety is in as much or more danger from the insane assassin as from the same, and needs the same sure protection from the one as from the other; therefore, if it is not safe to let the same murderer live, for reasons a fortiori the alleged insane assassin, on whom a milder punishment would have less effect than on the sane, should not escape. It is said this is inhuman; but would it not be more inhuman and brutal to spare the criminal at the inhuman and brutal to spare the criminal at the expense of society † To whom belongs the greater right to live, the assassin or society—any member of which is constantly exposed to death at his

Taking this logical and rational view of the law, Mr. Justice Crawford, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, charged in the Sickles case, with Roman firnness—the detence being "emotional insanity," which was pressed with all the great ability of Stanton and the marvellous eloquence of Brady—"that the man who takes vengeance into his own hands must be convicted of the crime!" But those great advocates, in their charge to the jury, said the assassin, at the moment of the act of murder, was under the influence of "an emotion," or of "moral insanity," or of an "ungovernable impulse," and therefore guilty of no crime; and the verdict of the jury was, "Not guilty." There is not a jurist in the land that does not say the charge of the judge was good law, and that the assassin should have been convicted of murder, and the question left to the President of the United States to say whether or not there were mitigating circumstances calling for the exercise of the high prerogative of mercy and pardon. Taking this logical and rational view of the law, Mr.

mercy and pardon.

The fear of punishment or the dread of death is as great in case of the mastne as of the same, and has the same restraining influences; therefore, the in-

#### IN A POLICE COURT.

W. D. Howells in The Atlantic.

The Irish case, which presently came on, was a question of assault and battery between Mrs. O'Hara and Mrs. MacMannis; it had finally to be dismissed, after much testimony to the guilt and peaceable character of both parties. A dozen or more witnesses were called, principally young girls, who had come in their best, and with whom one could fancy this an occasion of present satisfying excitement and future celebrity. The witnesses were generally more interesting than the parties to the suits, I thought, and I could not get tired of my fellow-spectators, I suppose, if I went a great many times. I liked to consider the hungry gravity of their countenances, as they listened to the facts elicited, and to speculate as to the ultimate effect upon their moral matures—or their immoral natures—of the gross and palpable shocks daily imparted to them by the details of vice and crime. I have tried to treat my material lightly and entertainingly, as a true reporter should, but I would not have my reader suppose that I did not feel the essential cruelty of an exhibition that tore its poor rays from all that squalid shame, and its mask from all that lying, cowering guilt, or did not suspect how it must harden and deprave those whom it daily entertained. This procession of misdeeds, passing under their eyes day after day, must leave a miasm of moral death behind it, which no prison or workhouse can hereafter cure. We all know that the genius of our law is publicity; but it may be questioned whether criminal trials may not be as profitably kept private as hangings, the popular attendance on which was once supposed to be a bul-

questioned whether criminal trials may not be as profitably kept private as hangings, the popular attendance on which was once supposed to be a bulwark of religion and morality.

Not that there was any avoidable brutality, or even indecorum, in the conduct of the trials that I saw. A spade was necessarriy called a spade; but it seemed to me that with all the waste of time and foreign alley the old Puritan scriousness was making itself felt even here, and subduing the tone of the itself felt even here, and submining the role of the proceedings to a grave decency consonant with the inquiries of justice. For it was really justice that was administered, so far as I could see; and justice that was by no means blind, but very open-eyed and keen-sighted. The causes were decided by one man, from evidence usually extracted out of writhing reluctance or abysmal suspidity, and the judgment must be formed and the sentence given where the magistrate sat, amid the confusion of the crowded room. Yet, except in the case of my poor thief, I did not see him heattate; and I did not see that he will be supplied by wisdom—I am for from pronouncing not doubt his wisdom—I am far from pronouncing his sentence unjust—even in that case. His de-cisions seemed to me the result of most patient and cisions seemed to me the result of most patient and wonderfully rapid cogitation, and in dealing with the witnesses he never lost his temper amid densities of duiness which it is quite impossible to do more than indicate. If it were necessary, for example, to establish the fact that a handkerchief was white, it was not to be done without some such coinquip as this:

"Was it a white handkerchief?"
"Sor ?"

'Sor I''
'Was the handkerchief white I''

"Was it white, s rf"
"Yes, was it whitef"
"Was what white, sorf"
"The handkerchief,—was the handkerchief

white?
"What handkerchief, sor?"
"The handkerchief you just mentioned,—the handkerchief that the defendant dropped."

"I didn't see it, sor."
"Didn't see the handkerchief?"
"Didn't see him drep it, sor."
"Well, did you see the handkerchief?"
"The handkerchief, sor? On, yes sor! I saw it,
—I saw the handkerchief."
"Well, was it white?"
"It was sor."

From The Sword and The Fen.

Mrs. Partington sat at the refectory table, her face radiant with satisfaction, her bonnet hanging by its strings from the back of her chair, and her benevoient spectacles contemplating the surroundings.

"What will you be helped to?" whispered a gender where here is here.

tle voice in her ear.
" i hank you, dear, for your polite attenuation,"
she replied, looking benignly upon the charming
attendant: "I will take, if you please, a cup of

at tendant; "Iwill take, if you please, a cup of oblong tea, with milk and sugar—not too sweet—and if you will be sure that it is not male of the eelymosinary water, that the doctor wrote about, I shall be much obliged,"
"How are you enjoying the fair f" asked Dr. Sponer, as he dropped into avacant chair alongside of her, somewhat to her surprise.
"I dare say," said she, as she scanned the list of delicacies lying before her, "that I shall enjoy it with my tea. When one is decomposed by walking there is nothing like a cup of tea to restore the equal-abraham, and here is enough to sa urate the appetite and give strength to the exasperated limbs. This is different, Doctor, from the poor soldiers' fare, with only hard tactics and the long roll to sustain them, to say nothing of the avalanches; and how they could stand it, it is hard to see."

tain them, to say nothing of the avalanches; and how they could stand it, it is hard to see."

"I meant by my inquiry," said he, "to learn how you were enjoying the fair—the 'Bazzar'—designed to secure a home for disabled veterans."

"Ah!" she replied, with a fervor that seemed to add to the exhalation from the decoction now set before her: "it is a grand display of patriotism and donation for those who helped us in our hour of need, when cotton-cloth was sixty cents a yard and agent thirty-there, and it has my warm corpora-

sugar thirty-three; and it has my warm tion." She went out with the doctor, and made him in-terest himself in many schemes for swelling the

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